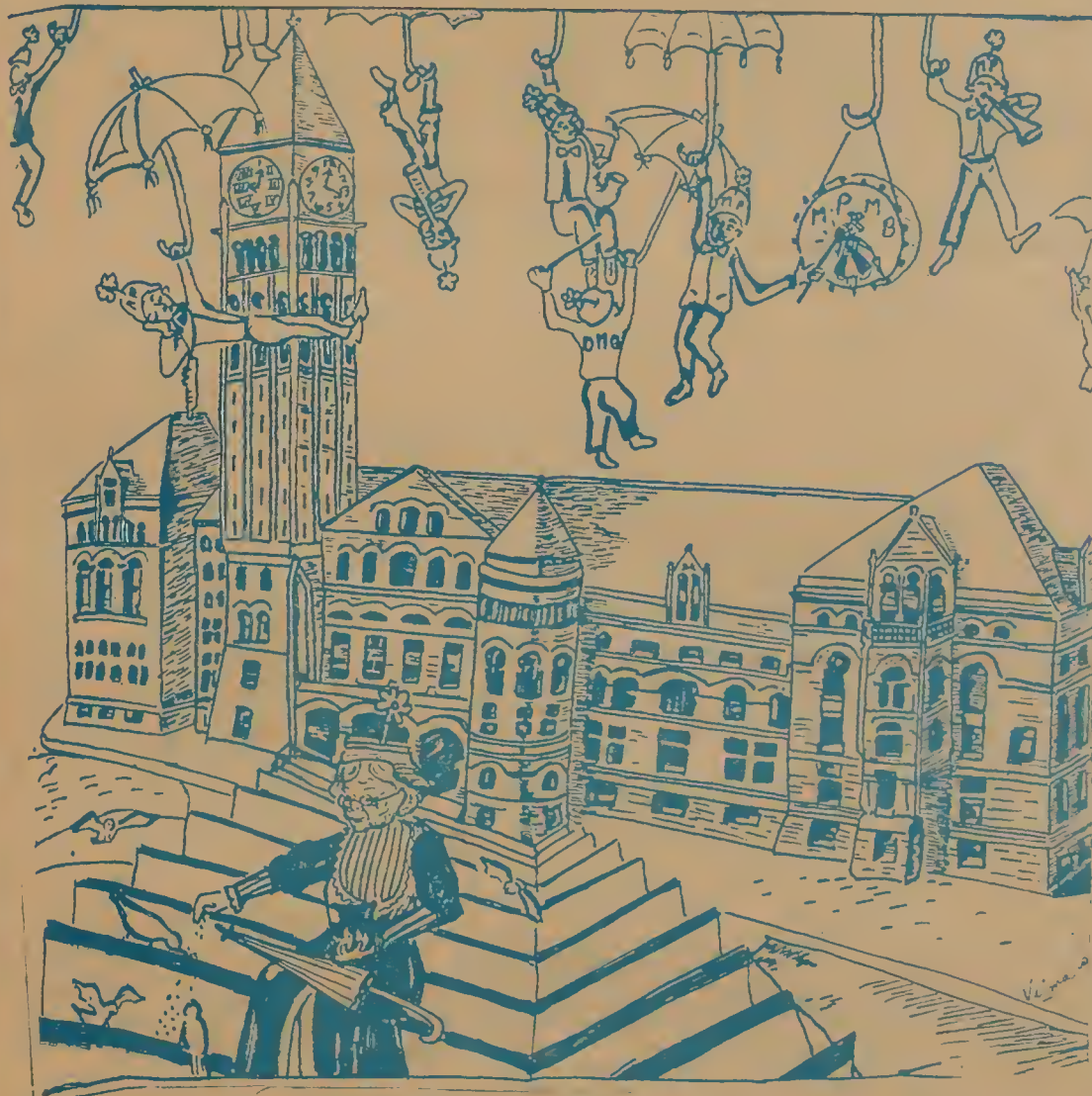


TURKE URKE★ **CITY HOWL** ★
SPECIAL**OLD CITY HALL RE-OPENED****GALA CEREMONY FEATURES MARY POPCORN AND THE SUPER-PUFFTS**

Shortly after the new City Hall disappeared yesterday afternoon officials of the city of Toronto's orbiting bureaucracy who were saved by Metro's new policy of keeping half its red tape in orbit at all times in case of emergency, met in an emergency session and decided to re-open the old city hall until J.B. Parkin's cardboard and concrete blockhouse is ready early next week. Lacking a ceremonial ribbon, and being unwilling to cut any red tape, the officials cut a roll of toilet



paper in two to signify the historic event. The Mary Popcorn Memorial Band floated down from the mushroom cloud over

the former city hall in time to dedicate a new song describing the U of T Engineers as "Snarky coloured — finkyunstuckex-crealatrocius."

Mary Popcorn, a stripper from the Victory was guest of honour at an official luncheon following the ceremony. The University Staff dined at the Faculty Club, Students of New College in their new cafeteria, and the Engineers, as usual, had nowhere to eat lunch but in the lecture rooms.

TURKE URKE, TURKE URKE, ULLEM TE CHULLUM TE CHOO — SKULE OF SCIUNCE, SKULE OF SCIUNCE, HAROO, HAROO, HAROO

TURKEURKE



Devoted to the interests of the underdogs of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. Cranked out whenever we can't think of anything else to do. Opinions expressed aren't necessarily those of anybody.

editor-in-charge	mickey mouse
business manager	this is a business?
advertising director	he quit
features	missing
women's editor	mory popcorn
art editress	yelmo
city desk	morris janitor
country desk	we had to sell it
favourite ad writer	honest orson
public relations	howie white
court jester	frank vollo

Sure, WE tried to put out two issues on the same day. We DID it, too! Aren't we GREAT? Wayne Dickey is the idiot who had this ridiculous idea, is who it was who had it. Isn't he GREAT? Wayne Dickey wrote THIS too. He wrote ALL the mostheads! And the sub-mostheads, and the School Dinner and the Skule Supper and LOTS of other crap too. Isn't he MODEST? Does anybody really READ this? Why didn't my EDITOR write this?

SPORTURKE

By S. LEW & L. WILLSCHICK
(FREELANCE SPORTSIES)

Having been subjected to Toronto Maple Leaf's dull and uninspired brand of hockey for several years now, we've noticed that certain things happen year after year. In cycles even. Here are some things to watch for:

1) Red Burnett, reporting from training camp, will write that Johnny Bower is as frisky as a colt.

2) Frank Mahovlich will maintain his super-star status without doing a thing.

3) Dave Keon will miss on every one of his breakaways. He will score five fluke goals in the play-offs while three players are draped over his back.

4) Anyone touching Keon will be penalized for two minutes.

5) After 17 games, Bob Pulford will be sidelined with a groin injury.

6) Allan Stanley will score every game and end the season with three goals.

7) George Armstrong will not score this season and will have 20 goals credited to him.

8) A rolling stone gathers no moss.

9) The all-star results will come out and Leaf fans will be furious that Tim Horton has not made the all-star team. Mahovlich, having scored eight goals, will be all-star left winger.

10) Bower will have his usual quota of horseshoes stored under his arm, while stopping breakaways flat on his back and looking in the wrong direction. He will also entertain fans with his juggling act.

11) Kent Douglas will extend his record of not completing a forward pass in 137 consecutive league games.

12) Leafs will win the Stanley Cup, even with the loss of Bill Barilko, and will parade to the new city hall for presentation of cufflinks.

13) Red Kelly will announce his retirement from hockey, after consultation with Sabu.

14) You were expecting maybe Humphrey Bogart?

15) In training camp next year, Johnny Bower will be frisky as a colt.

FASCIST PAGE

Believe it or not this cord is for real!
Kind of frightening, isn't it? !!

contributed by Leaftric

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ENGINEERING INSTITUTE OF CANADA

2 MEETINGS OF TORONTO BRANCH OF INTEREST TO STUDENTS

October 20, 8:15 p.m. Volholf Inn

"The Future of the Engineer in the Petroleum Industry"

Panel discussion with:

Mr. A.T. Frame	Petroleum Consultant (Chairman)
Mr. L.P. Blaser	Vice Pres., Brit. Amer. Oil Co.
Mr. E.K. Heddon	Pres., Sun Oil Co.
Mr. S.B. Moro	Oakville Refinery Mgr., Shell Oil Co.
Mr. W.A. Partridge	Vice Pres., Brit. Pet. Refinery Corp.
Mr. D.S. Simmons	Director, Imperial Oil Ltd.

October 28, 7:30 p.m., Room 2117 Sidney Smith Hall

"The Design and Construction of the Verrozono Norrows Bridge"

Speaker: Mr. Milton Brumer, Pres., Whitney International Ltd., and
Partner, Amman Whitney Consulting Engineers.

Watch Toike Oike for Notices of E.I.C. Student Activities.

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SANDWICH - WARMER**

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HAWAII

* — WAYNE DICK-
EY'S RADIO
(really great —
no kidding)

* — PERSONAL EF-
FECTS OF DE-
CEASED ARTS-
MEN

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bring small ones eh?



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\$1.50 per person



TICKETS AT SAC OFFICE



DID WE OR DIDN'T WE?

It has been rumored that the guiding light behind this year's homecoming show is the Campus Social

Society—The Blue & White. However, we know better—don't we? If it weren't for our own folk-star who is incidentally "Dr. Livingstone

I presume" of the society, would we be having such names as Oscar Brand and The Phoenix Singers? A show this fabulous couldn't possibly have been organized by an Artisan—or could it? Find out the horrible truth on Friday Oct. 15 in Varsity Arena. A show so well-planned that only a Skuleman could know for sure.

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FRESH VIEWS

As a below average slightly-insipid Engineering freshman, I have made several intricate and valuable discoveries since being transplanted from the high school "greenhouse" to the "rice fields" of University. The latter comparison stems (pun) from the fact that I have been compared with a "sapling in the forest of knowledge" — in short terms a "sap".

Number one discovery: Engineers appear to be vastly superior in spirit(s) and morale (if not morals) to the immense conglomerated sedimentation of Artsmen".

Number two revelation: Callouses on the fingernails of third or fourth-year men come from flicking the cursor on the slide rule when figuring out the odds. (Engineers are notably fast with figures.)

Number three truth: Having attended two mammoth dances, I can verify that the L.G.M.B. is the best thing that ever happened to the tin ears of rusty artsmen.

Number four finding: Is that line at the U. of T. bookstore for real? My money developed a fungoid condition and died of old age the last time I tried to give my money away there. I'm positive that the pages of the books are fabricated of gold leaf or possibly on

the best-seller list as there is no other reasonable excuse for having to ransom the books.

Number five—but not the least: When trying to get a student loan one is virtually fingerprinted, branded, and tied by a large chain to the cannons in front of Hart House to prevent one from absconding with the funds.

Up to this point I have found out through various test failures that I never really passed grade 13; that was just a dirty rumour. I have triode to understand electricity, graphed vainly in my hot little hand the subject of geometry, lost sight of surveying, been dwarfed by the task of reading Gulliver's Travels, cot by trig. and forced to re-sin, and I can't imachine what mechanics is trying to say. My only accomplishment to date is that I have fully stomached lunch hour when it finally arrives at 1:00 P.M.

It's certainly encouraging to know that if I pass, the fellow sitting next to me won't, but will continue for post-grad work on his first year.

You really can't blame engineers for having a masochistic attitude towards school, after all, they are in the most demanding course.

Joe Geologist

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SKULE

DR. ARCHIBALD von HEINRICH-SCHMIDT

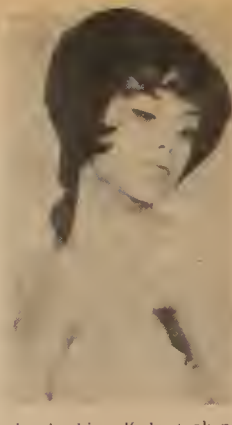
The Engineering Society is indeed unfortunate to have as this year's guest speaker at the "Skule Supper", the world's misleading authority on experimental physics, Dr. von Heinrich-Schmidt.

An idiot among men, Archibald takes a positive second to none among other great names which will blaze eternally bright from the pages of history books, their service to humanity never to be forgotten. (eq. Tom Mix, Jubilation T. Cornpone, Woody Woodpecker, and Lassie).

Arch, like a latter day Colossus, has his feet firmly entrenched in the ideals and works of men who have preceded him, while his gaze is always fixed to the heavens. He wandered out on a new section of the Gardiner Expressway one evening and waited for Echo I to pass overhead, got stuck in the quick acting concrete.

From a humble and somewhat untimely birth (particularly for his mother) his phenomenal record of errors and persistents devotion to non-essentials carried him steadily downward. His first unfortunate plunge into the world of science came in 1914, when he set up a crude laboratory in the basement of the Y.W.M.C.A. in Sarajevo, Bulgaria. While developing his theory of misguided projectiles, one of his experiments had the unfortunate side effect of mortally wounding his uncle Ferdinand, who was sneaking in through the coal chute to see his girl friend.

Crushed and bewildered at the world reaction to the failure of this experiment, Dr. Archibald soon lost interest in the field of experimental physics. After the war, he rented a large villa on the French Riviera where he became fascinated with experimental psychology. Li-



ving by himself, he took no notes on his research, and published no results. He shunned all attempts to interview him or publicize his work. His only contact with the outside world for 3 years was a mysterious promenade along the beach every Monday morning, at the end of which he never failed to be arm in arm with one of the loveliest young ladies present.

The luscious, lithe sunbathers always in bikini's; he always in a soiled white T-shirt with a ridiculous orange tiger on the front. People watched knowingly as the couple left the beach and started the long climb toward the villa, for no girl ever returned within the week. The Riviera was vibrant with scandal and jealousy.

Then suddenly the world KNEW. Archibald, completely exhausted and unable to continue further experimentation, at last made public the results of his unselfishly dedicated study. Science was startled by its simplicity, for his report containing nothing but the now universally famous equation, $E=MC^2$. Enjoyment equals Manipulation times Carressing squared...

SUPPER

The 6T6 Engineering social year attempts its official take off next week on Thursday, October 21, flying an exotic flight path that promises to bring you the greatest series of "Hard Days Nights" in the moderately embarrassing social history of this faculty.

Our first port-hole of arrival on this flight is a scheduled little oasis of tranquility about five hundred beer cases north of the Waverly, and four jiggers of V.O. west of the Embassy, the Castle Hart. In this pleasant surroundings, Skulemen seated before great oak tables laden with the fat of the land (the head table gets all the lean), converse unintelligibly with unfortunate associates on important topics of common interest, (broads). Clouds of dirty, stinking smoke envelop the room, drifting upward to the blackened, halloved rafters that simulate non-deterministically the extinct traditions of the past. A spirit of "Who swiped my fork?" is shared by all present. The flowing goblets runneth over; the castle staff is pretty sloppy. The occasion, of course, is the first annual Skule Supper.

Dress for the evening is

"Skule formal": Engineering jacket with black tie. Such unworthies as may be included in the assembly will become assembled in the East Common-Law at 7:00, to prepare for the ceremonial ride on white stallions into the Great Hall where the castle Lord will begin the feasting at 7:15. He has even consented to lend us his very best silverware; please pretend not to notice it is tied on the tables.

In addition to the Dean and many other representatives of the Faculty and University who will be honoured to dine with us, we are most unfortunate to have as our guest speaker Dr. Archibald von Heinrich-Schmidt. Any ideas that the Supper is too formal to be enjoyable arise from the ranks of the unimaginative and uninspired who have never tied the guest speaker's left leg to the Head Table; or beamed the Varsity editor with a soggy pea from the tomato soup.

As tickets are bound to be scarce, we recommend that you make a determined effort to buy one immediately. We know they will be scarce, because the Supper Committee forgot to have them printed...

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